

SPRINGTIME is associated with youth, yet it is the veterans who are in the news. Sir Winston Churchill's remarkable speech to the Primrose League on Friday was as lively in thought and vigorous in effect as a statesman of half his 82 years could hope to be. His praise of Sir Anthony Eden's Suez policy was wise and well-timed as well as courageous.

Then, last week, my old friend Clement Davies told me with a beaming smile that his wife would be 75 today and that he is in his 74th year. His



The Rt. Hon. Clement Davies, M.P. Exuberance could not have been greater if they had been in their fifties.

There is also Lord Goddard, the Lord Chief Justice of England, who has passed his 80th milestone and says that he is good for another four or five active years. Or Lord Halifax, aged 85, who tells me he has now completed the re-writing of his monumental "African Survey," and has been relaxing by lecturing abroad for the British Council.

80 Not Out

And now in the same strain I must offer my congratulations to Sir Philip Gibbs, who reached 80 years last Wednesday. As a war correspondent in the first war he was so trusted by Field-Marshal Haig that he was allowed full access to all confidential reports from the commanders in the field.

In the capacity of reporter he covered the Sidney Street siege and obtained the personal narrative of that poor little creature of the Crippen case, Ethel Le Neve. It is said of Sir Philip that he has made shrewd and friendly acquaintance with every kind of man from Winston Churchill to any passing

PEOPLE & THINGS

By ATTICUS

gypsy. Kindness, complete lack of self-consciousness and a gift for languages have brought him close to the minds and hearts of many.

P.B. Lunatics

NO wonder Stevenson called London "The Great Bagdad of the West." There is something for every taste in the bazaar of London. Thus there was a packed house at the Carlton Club when Christopher Mayhew, M.P., called a meeting to consider the treatment of patients in our mental hospitals.

After his own sincere and sensible remarks he called on a well-groomed middle-aged man sitting on his right. With the utmost ease and with delightful humour the speaker had the audience in helpless laughter as he told of his experiences as a patient—in seven mental hospitals.

"We heard a lot about the P.B.I. in the war," he said. "But I was a P.B.I. In fact, when the Americans dropped the bomb on Hiroshima I tried to raise the rallying cry of 'Lunatics of the world unite!' but I couldn't get any support."

I spoke with the ease, the irony and the wit of an "F.E." Never for a moment was he incoherent. And behind the wit and the occasional broad humour one felt that here was a man who had deliberately brought his mind back from the no-man's-land of mental confusion.

It may well be that in his alert mind there is today a determination to challenge the accepted methods of treating the mentally sick. But I have a feeling that he will be captured by some lecture agent in America and sent on a speaking tour with the title "I was in seven loony bins."

Off Course

SOMETHING went wrong with the navigation when Helenemann's decided to throw a party to celebrate the publication of C. E. Lucas Phillips's book, "The Escape of the Amethyst," based on the Yangtse Incident which has already been shown as a film. Admittedly there is a tonal as

well as geographical similarity between Ladbrooke Grove and Ladbrooke Road, but it was somewhat frustrating to find that the address on the invitation card took us not merely to the wrong house but to a house that obviously had not been lived in for some time and was looking very dejected about it.

Fortunately the local police gave us their skilled help and eventually we found the correct abode where smart sea Scouts saluted us and we met the author and a lively gathering.

Lord Attlee, who was the Prime Minister at the time of the Yangtse affair, was looking slightly unimpressive despite the recent talk about the departure of Ernest Bevin from the Foreign Office.

Imperialist

The writing of "The Escape of the Amethyst" was partly a declaration of faith on the part of Mr. Lucas Phillips. He has been a soldier, an adventurer, an Empire builder and an author who resents the trend of thought which links loyalty to one's country with outmoded Imperialism. To him the Yangtse Incident was an example of comradeship, courage and skill even if the whole episode is still something of a mystery.

Rideau Hall

WHEN Sir Anthony Eden and his wife arrive as the guests of Mr. Vincent Massey at Government House in Ottawa they will be in the same



Government House, Ottawa.

setting as Harold Macmillan adorned when he held the post of aide-de-camp to the then Governor-General, the Duke of Devonshire. It is a beautiful old mansion set in lovely parks.

Many Canadians regretted the change when the Ottawa Government decided that the Governor-General should no longer come from the Mother Country. It was felt by them that the status of Canada was so clearly established that it could afford to maintain the old tradition of a British Governor-General. Also it is accepted that Lord Alexander of Tunis, who was the last man from these islands to occupy the post, was an immense success.

I stayed at Rideau Hall when John Buchan, who became Lord Tweedsmuir, was the Governor-General. Although a Scot, and not too enamoured of protocol, he performed his tasks with full traditionalism. When his guests left the dining-room each of the ladies curtseied to him and, in turn, the men bowed low.

But he could not be contained in his viceregal dwelling. He flew to distant parts of the great Dominion, even to

the Arctic, and made friends of lonely settlements icebound throughout the year.

From the Heart

MR. ARTHUR SULZBERGER is the publisher and principal proprietor of "The New York Times." He is a kindly and chivalrous man with a high sense of dedication, and therefore (rightly or wrongly) I attribute to him the words that appeared in the leader columns of his great news-

paper:

"GET WELL," CARD

We want Sir Anthony Eden to get well, as quickly as possible, and to be with us for a long time. He is a friend in whom we best serve the world. We have often had occasion to respect and admire him for his integrity and his courage. But it is a feeling warmer than that. It is an affection he commands and deserves.

There is satisfaction, too, in knowing that our medical facilities could be of service and could be linked to those of his hospital of friends. We are glad that he could join us in our hope and could glad that we could give it. If the knowledge, also, that his host of American friends are steadily wishing him well will add his recovery, he will be the comfort of that assurance.

America has many voices but these words give dignity and feeling to a jarring world.

Gulbenkian Munificence

I AM surprised that so little comment was made on one remarkable fact about the first list of grants by the fabulous Gulbenkian Foundation. Approximately one-third of the \$500,000 allotted went to causes in this country and the British Commonwealth.

When we consider that the Foundation has its headquarters in Lisbon and that all but one of its trustees are Portuguese, we have indeed reason for gratitude for these grants made to such widely diversified institutions as the School of Oriental Studies in the University of Durham to the English Opera Group, from the British Sailors' Society to the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, Ontario.

I have little doubt that we owe much of this generous favour to Dr. Pedro Pereira, the Portuguese Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, who is one of the Gulbenkian trustees and a staunch friend of this country—for which, indeed, the late Mr. Calouste Gulbenkian ("Mr. Five-per-Cent.") himself had always a warm place in his heart.

Monty Looks Ahead

ALTHOUGH the doctors had just removed 18 stitches from his back after a minor operation, Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery was in tremendous form when he left for America last week. "They tell me I am good for another 10 years," he told me. "But the Montys are always long-livers."

He is spending four days at the White House as the personal guest of President Eisenhower, and will be giving lectures at the principal American Service academies.

But I am sorry to report that he will not be speaking at the

Royal United Services Institution this October. For the last three years he lectures there—and notably the last, an electrifying and inspiring speech on the third world war—have made world headlines. Now, however, he feels that he has said all he usefully can, and that in any case his thoughts are rapidly finding their way into policy.

I understand that he welcome the White Paper on Defence and feels that complete integration of the three Services is the next step. There is no stronger advocate of Monty, but he feels it must never stand in the way of forward thinking.

Royal Academy

AND now for the Academy's Private View. Each year at Burlington House one encounters old friends who are never seen again until its next opening. On meeting we deplore this severance of companionships and ask vaguely but safely if they are still living in the same place.

It is not for me to discuss the odd metallurgical quality of Annigoni's "Duke of Edinburgh" but I must express my astonishment at the remarkable portrait of Sir Winston Churchill with his head disappearing over the top of the canvas.

The artist—so I was assured—was painting Sir Winston's voice. If that is so, no wonder the Germans trembled when his words were heard on the wireless during the war.

Press Puff

I AM indebted to the Editor of "The Reporter" for a new light in more senses than one, on the Russian soldier's attitude towards the Press;

This writer quotes a Soviet sergeant in 1952 while newspapers he preferred. "Pravda" is certainly the best," he answered. "Then come Izvestia and Red Star" and two of them are pretty much on a par. But German newspapers are bad—can't compare with ours."

"Oh, you read German too?"

"Read? Who's talking about reading? We smoke them—wrap around our tobacco and smoke them. And Pravda is the best, I know: I've smoked them all. It's the fine thin paper that does it. German newspapers are too thick and coarse."

Third Off

FOLLOWING the B.B.C.'s decision to fractionalise the Third Programme by cutting off two hours of its time, a departmental meeting at Broadcasting House amused itself by suggesting a change of name.

Easily the most popular offering: the Two-Thirds Programme.

People and Words

"A diplomat is a person who tries to solve complicated problems which would never have arisen if there were no diplomats."

—Mr. Per Petersen, Norwegian Ambassador.

"We have to work pretty hard to get White Papers published against the competition of other popular interests—outdoors, indoors and possibly Diana Dors!"

—DR. CHARLES HILL, Chancellor of the University of Lancaster.

"Many a man who goes to work with a smartly pressed suit, clean collar, and bowler hat and umbrella goes home to a far more frugal meal than those who carry

the grime and grease of their occupation on their wearing apparel."

—Sir Tom O'Brien, M.P., former chairman of the T.U.C.

"Sleep is a waste of seven hours a night, so I rarely go to bed before two or three in the morning."

—STERLING MOSS.